

Writen for the BAZOO.

WHY WE STRUCK.

Do you ask why we struck?
Let me tell you the "why"
'Tis the song of a tear,
'Tis the tale of a sigh.
'Tis the tale of the weak,
Of the poor, the oppressed,
The needy whose sorrows
Have burned in the breast,
Till no longer the bars,
Can repress the hot tide
Of the lava like flow
And its waves spreading wide.
'Tis the cry for relief
From the iron bound heel
Of monopolist' clans,
And the juggernaut wheel.
Which is crushing us down
And enthralling in chains
The free born, and coining
His heart's blood for gains.
'Tis the wail of the wronged,
Who have struggled and wrought,
While the "wolf at the door"
For an entrance has fought.
'Tis the homes that we love,
And our children and wives
Whom we cannot protect,
Tuo' we proffer our lives.
'Tis the hard hand of toil
Against the ease of the rich,
'Tis the striving o' mount
From the "slums" and the ditch.
'Tis our RIGHTS, and the
Filling of basket and store,
And these are the reasons
We struck—nothing more.

H. B.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

Natural gas wells are being developed rapidly in the east. Pittsburg alone, in the city, and around it, possessing fully one hundred, gushing forth hundreds of thousands of cubic feet daily. Already \$3,000,000 have been invested in gas lands and scores of wells are now being drilled. It is said also, that from one end of the Allegheny mountains to the other, from New York down into Ohio and Virginia, are a number of undeveloped but known gas fields which promise the richest yield. Natural gas is one form of petroleum or rather petroleum in a gaseous state and wherever petroleum is found a certain amount of gas is also found and as it is equally adapted for either heating or illuminating purposes its advantages are great. For the former it is much cleaner than coal and is much more easily handled and regulated. At the large manufacturing establishments in Pittsburg where natural gas is used, one man can do the work of ten. No stokers are required, fires are started instantly, extinguished instantly, regulated to any temperature by a turn of the finger or thumb. There is no smoke no ashes and in fact it is claimed that its superiority is unquestionable. Surely this is a wonderful country and just so fast as one industry becomes overworked or its producing facilities become less abundant nature takes a hand and lo! something never before discovered, or if discovered, not developed, shows possibilities which lead to the grandest results. Natural gas, it is predicted, will be as great an industry in a few years as petroleum is at present and there is little reason to doubt the prediction.

The militia must go—home.

The strikers are cheerful and confident. They will succeed if they only remain firm.

The people of Sedalia are heartily in sympathy with the striking elements. They will aid them in every possible way that they can to get their rights and proper pay.

This is the way it should read:
"To all Strikers:"

"Your wages are restored. Return to your work."
"JAY GOULD."

A prominent citizen of Green Ridge who was in the city yesterday and stated that the people in his town were almost unanimously in sympathy with the striking employees.

Even an old gray headed farmer was in the city yesterday and remarked after hearing the story of the strikers, "well, I have bread and meat and they shall have some if they need it to help them out."

No one can blame the engineers for refusing to take out their engines when requested by the strikers not to do so. It is the general supposition that they sympathize with the shop men and the general public fully endorse this move.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

As for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

At the Hospital.

You have struck it dry this time, said Dr. Bane, as the reporter entered the hospital office yesterday.
What is the matter here?
Oh, nobody is coming in since the strike. How is that? Don't you admit strikers? Well, no man is admitted unless he is in the employ of the company.
Somebody told me they had to be employed thirty days before being allowed the hospital benefits.

That is a mistake. If a man only works one day, thirty five cents is deducted for hospital fund from his wages, and if he only works half an hour he is entitled to come here if sick.

What does it cost per head for patients per day in the hospital?
I have just completed the year's estimate and it is within a fraction of \$1.32 per patient per day.

By the way, I want to show you a curiosity in the way of a book, said the doctor, come up stairs?

The reporter followed and was led away up into the garret above the hospital where was stored the complete records of the K. & P. road from its first inauguration, and among the hundreds of books was one marked freight record of the M. K. & I. railroad. It is a book five feet long, four feet wide and six inches thick, and weighs about 100 pounds. It is said to have cost \$250.

Another thing you might say is about Sedalia milk. Some of the boys thought they were not being properly served in that commodity by Mr. Barrett so they concluded to analyze it, and you may judge Mr. Barrett's perplexity when we informed him it contained ninety-five per cent water, two per cent chalk and three per cent milk.

But you do not mean to say that is a fact?
Well the truth is, it was ninety-seven per cent, pure milk and three per cent water which is the purest milk I ever saw but we don't want you to tell that as it would spoil the joke.

The reporter promised the gentlemanly staff at the hospital not to give them away and he will keep his word for if Mr. Barrett ever finds it out it will be without his being told by the reporter.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, itched feet, chilblains.

Lee Grant.

Lee Grant is in jail but even in confinement Lee does not propose to be forgotten or to go back on his friends, the newspaper reporters, in the way of furnishing them an occasional item. Lee has, by force of circumstances, been held up for material to do so of late but his fertile brain has at last struck upon a plan to get his name in print again.

Monday Lee got sick. He assured the sheriff he had never been sick before in his life. "But I tell you I'm mighty sick this time," said Lee. A doctor was sent for, who pronounced it a case of biliousness. He was given medicine and got better, but yesterday morning he was worse. Haling Sheriff Murray he said: "Boss, I've got you, and you ought to let me out; I've bound you tight."

His request was not granted, however, and yesterday afternoon Grant set up a yell that could have been heard a mile, and for some time he fairly made "Rome howl." Sheriff Murray was absent and the deputies and trustees were well wigh at their wits end to know what to do. At last Deputy Bowers arrived.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" he asked of the noisy negro.

"Oh, boss, I've got you tight, and I've just a smother in this prison. For God's sake, let me out foah I dies."

"Well, sir," said Bowers, "you holler too loud for a man who is smothering. You have got too much wind for any use where you are, and if you do not stop expending so much of it in noise I shall put you in irons."

This cured Lee and he settled back into sullen silence.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.

Porous and strengthening; improves the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

Road Blockaded.

A very heavy slide occurred at the rock cut east of Mount Serrat last night, which completely blocked the road, causing the laying up of the midnight passenger train at Warrensburg. Road Master Rockwell was telegraphed to and proceeded to get out the wrecking train, which the strikers not only consigned to, but assisted him in doing, and the train left for the scene of the blockade about 12:30. Mr. Rockwell stated to a reporter that he did not think it possible to clear the track so the train could pass before daylight.

PRETTY WOMEN.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

Riley's Race.

William Riley is a very bold coon, but he yesterday proved that he was not at all backward in going forward, but on the contrary was a good match for an ordinary race horse on the run.

He got into a very ugly quarrel in front of Siche's, on Ohio street, with another gentleman of color, and proceeded to summarily settle the dispute by giving his antagonist a sound drubbing. Colored Deputy Constable White happening along about that time undertook to arrest Riley and one of the prettiest races ever witnessed ensued down Ohio street to Pacific, east on Pacific to Lamine and north on Lamine to the Catholic church, where White was distanced and called a halt, seeing which Riley stopped long enough to halloo back, "No White nigger can ever catch dis chile!" and departed.

CATABRIS OF THE BLADDER.
Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." \$1.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the late firm of Bixby & Houx either by note or account, are hereby notified to call and settle the same at once as the business of the late firm must be closed without delay.
3-3d6t1w1m. JOHN W. HOUX.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

Lexington, March 9 h. [correspondence.] A huge joke was played by a number of the "boys" in this city, on a young man by the name of Chapman, who is a good looking and the great for a sewing machine company here. Chapman had succeeded in storing a number of the Methodist college girls out of countenance and to punish him a bogus correspondence was arranged purporting to come from one of the college girls and signed "Anna Snell." Chapman fell in the trap and for a time the two carried on a vigorous correspondence, which finally resulted in a meeting being arranged. At the appointed time 9 o'clock at night Chapman repaired to a large tree near the water tower back of the college and there met Miss Snell and was proceeding to make love to her after the most approved fashion when it was discovered that "Miss" Snell was one Wood Young dressed in female apparel. About twenty-five men and boys were present to enjoy the joke and Chapman has since had to take much galling on account of it—Mr. and Mrs. Chiles, who has been visiting friends in Illinois returned Saturday evening—Dr. S. S. Laws, of the state university, at Columbia was the guest of friends in this city a days ago—Lexington five company No. 7, gave a large and very successful ball last week—Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Conn, of this county will soon take up their residence in St. Louis—Miss Jennie P. Goddard of the E. A. seminary, but whose home is in St. Louis, will leave next Wednesday for a visit at the New Orleans exposition—Mr. Christ's T. M. P. and Mr. Simon Ritter and their wives are preparing for a trip to Europe.

Nevada—Mr. D. C. Sears, who, although he is blind, has been successfully running a feed store, had a terrible misfortune to happen to him Saturday morning. He went into the back yard to look after something, and it is supposed, started back to the store, but missed his calculation, and walked directly up behind the old granage store, which has a cellar under it, and the passage way to the cellar comes up on the outside, and is always left open, and into this he fell, striking on the stone steps below, breaking his right hip. The unfortunate man was taken to the residence of his son, at Dr. Buchanan, Callaway and American called in to dress his wound. The misfortune fell doubly heavy on Mr. Sears, for besides being blind, he is old and not financially in a condition to stand the expense necessarily brought about by his misfortune.

Dr. I. J. Riste, a young dentist who has been here for some time, on the plea of learning him his business, succeeded in getting a note for \$450 from a young man named Minear, of Monticello, Ill. Riste got the note cashed at once, and by the time Minear put in appearance, he had departed for the "unknown," leaving Minear to hold the sack—Farmers report the roads almost impassible in this vicinity—Mr. George B. Blas, of Sedalia, has been in this city for the past few days—A young white girl by the name of Riley whose parents live in Moundville, has taken up her residence in the family of Negro Pete.

Joplin—A well-known resident of this city named Harper, aged 62 years, while walking by the side of his team which was slowly driving, fell suddenly, and when picked up was found to be stone dead. Nine thousand pounds of lead ore were taken from the Atlantic company's mine last week—Holiday and Pennington are sinking their shaft on the Corny mining tract. They struck a paying vein of lead and zinc ore at 40 feet which they have passed through, and on Friday they struck a big body of zinc ore at a depth of 60 feet.

A bold attempt was made to rob Mrs. A. H. White as she was going to her home Saturday evening, by a negro, or a white man disguised as a negro, who attempted to snatch her portmanteau from her hand. Mrs. White resisted and frightened the man so by her screams that he fled. This is the second attempt of the kind made recently.

Hon. D. E. Wray of Morgan county is visiting his brother, Prof. J. F. Martin of this city.

California—Sensational rumors are flying concerning Elder Stead, pastor of the Union church. He has been charged with bigamy and has disappeared from this section of the country. A flourishing skating rink has just been opened—William Mackerlin was found dead on the Sandy Hook road, near here, yesterday morning. He had been drinking a great deal, and it was supposed he had fallen in a drunken stupor. Some fifteen years ago his father left him \$30,000, mostly in cash, but he squandered it all in drink and died poor—Revival meetings which have been held nightly in the Methodist Episcopal church for some time, were not very successful and the meetings have ended.

GAILEY GAB.

A splendid birthday party came off at the residence of Mr. J. L. Warren last Monday night, near this place. The party was given in honor of Mr. John Warren, who reached his majority at that date and is now a full fledged "Democrat." The supper was complete in all its appointments and was elegantly served up, to the guests who it is needless to say fully appreciated and enjoyed it. Miss Lillie Warren wore a tailor made suit of pale blue cashmere, trimmed in satin of the same shade, gold ornaments and flowers. Miss Sallie Matheny, dress of cream silk mull, trimmed in lace, V shaped corsage filled with illusion, cream sash, and bows of baby blue. Ornaments of gold and flowers. Miss Minnie Culp, elegant suit of black gros grain silk. Miss Laura Hubbard, black satin costume, knife plaiting and panners. Ornaments of gold. Many other richly dressed ladies were present, among them were Gussie Hatton, Myrtle Connor, Susie Mitchell, Mina Ferguson, Belle Bohon, Cordie Franklin, Bell Steele, and others. Among the gentlemen were Johnnie Warren, Frank Hatton, Holly Culp, Earnest and Buford Yankee. Bud Shy, Ed. Scott, Ed. and Grant Crawford, Will Higgins, John Poundstone, Walter McCormick and others.

The evening was pleasantly whiled away in social conversation and music, until about midnight when the guests took their departure wishing Mr. Johnnie many returns of his natal day and a happy and useful life.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

A Queer Spanish Merchant.

I entered a small shop where great bulging oil-jars of dark shining green, with a deep projecting rim and three curved handles, stood in rows; the walls were lined with shelves bearing dark terra cotta water-cruses, with taper necks and trefoil lips, others of a delicious cream-color, covered with a graceful incised design, and others delicately beaded over with a raised pattern; some had one arm akimbo, or a long, eccentric spout. I lost my head over this display, and recklessly ordered big pieces by the pair and smaller ones by the dozen. My imagination showed me the steps of a familiar country house, thousands of miles away, flanked with the great green jars holding oleanders and pomegranate shrubs, and an old mahogany sideboard adorned with the ivory-tinted water-coolers, and the hearts of aesthetic friends made glad by small reproductions of the more exquisite shapes. The gipsy merchant, only a degree more brown, stately and silent than the ordinary Andalusian, betrayed no emotion at my prodigality, although I am persuaded that he had never made such a sale before, for the bill amounted to several hundred reals, which reduced to pesetas was just twelve dollars. The purchases were to be safely packed in a strong box, sent down the river to Cadiz, and shipped for America. The next day, doubting his promptness, I made a second expedition on to the Triana to see if he had been as good as his word. Sure enough, there in a little grass-grown yard were three cases, about as large and as strong as common tea-chests. A horrible vision of rough stevedores, and custom house officers, not a whit less sly and sharp than gypsies, rose to my mind, and I said that there must be but one box and that a strong one, as these would hardly hold together to reach the river. The master of the shop lighted a cigarita and began to discuss the matter, his part of the argument consisting in almost total silence. Presently his wife joined us; then an old man who was smoking in the shop; then an old woman in they called the carpenter. At last there were seven persons sitting on the doorstep or slowly pacing about the packing-cases, as if measuring them for a carpet. It was pronounced impossible to make larger or thicker boxes, and that if made they could not be lifted by mortal men. My kind artist friend, who played interpreter with a patience that exasperated me, represented that packed pianos and colossal statues are packed in single boxes and sent around the world; but the Spaniards paid no attention to anything that we said. Monosyllabic objections, insuperable obstacles expressed in a single word, were their only answers. For three-quarters of an hour the debate was carried on until I finally broke off negotiations, declaring the Portland vase itself was not worth so many words. The Spaniard impudently professed himself ready to refund the money and forfeit the value of the cases, which were on the bill, but not to make another box. I had not brought the bill with me, and asked him to refer to his books for the amount. There were no books, no slate, no memorandum of any sort. He promised to call at the Fonda de Madrid that evening, to see the bill, and repay the amount. I departed, skeptical, but preferring to lose the money rather than more time; but that evening the grave shopkeeper presented himself, the transaction was annulled, and he replied to my renewed regrets at losing the pottery by saying that he must lose his cases. An English friend, who was standing by, said that he would take the big green jars, which could be shipped direct to London. The shopkeeper answered that to transport those jars and nothing more the boxes must be made smaller, which would not be worth his while; and wishing us good-evening with the utmost courtesy, he returned contented to his unsold wares. Some friends who have lived long in Spain, witnessed this scene and found nothing extraordinary in it; they said that most Spaniards would rather starve than work and that even the industrious would rather lose much money than take a little trouble.—Atlantic Monthly.

Popular Fallacies.

It would add many years to the average longevity of our species if we could free the next generation from the curse of the following fallacies, which are either direct sources of disease or add an unnecessary burden to the cares and troubles of domestic life: The idea that cold baths are healthy in winter and dangerous in midsummer; that rain-water is more wholesome than "hard" water; that bed-rooms must be heated in cold weather; that the misery of everlasting scrubbing and soap-sud vapors is compensated by the comfort of the lucid intervals; that a sick-room must be kept hermetically closed; that it pays to save foul air for the sake of its warmth; that "draughts" are morbid agencies; that catarrhs are due to a low temperature; that even in midsummer children must be sent to bed at sunset, when the air just begins to be pleasant; that an after-dinner nap can do any harm; that the sanitary condition of the air can be improved by the fector of carbolic acid; that there is any benefit in swallowing jugtuls of nauseous sulphur water; that rest after dinner can be shortened with impunity; that out-door recreation is a waste of time; that athletic sports brutalize the character; that a normal human being requires any other stimulant than exercise and fresh air; that mechanical contrivances can compensate for the lack of manly strength; that any plan of study can justify the custom of stunting children in sleep; that the torpor of narcotism is preferable to insomnia; that the suppression of harmless recreations will fail to beguile vice and hypocris; that stimulation is identical with invigoration; that fashion has a right to enforce the wearing of woollen clothes in the dog days.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Boston Light.

The Boston light is at the very entrance to the channel, and the white shaft towers up from its foundations in the reddish-brown rock of the little island like a sent in the desert. Its rays are visible sixteen miles away—one flash every thirty seconds, and with the twin lights of Thatcher's Island in the northeast and Minot's Ledge to the southward—an American Edystone, pillared in the sea—it defines the position of the harbor to the approaching mariner.

There has been a light here since 1715, for the "general benefit to Trade," but the present tower was built in 1783, after the destruction of the original building by the British as they passed out of the harbor. It has been frequently strengthened and altered, and is now in excellent condition. The walls are six feet thick at the base and four feet at the top. The lantern is nearly one hundred feet above the ground, and is nearly ten feet in diameter. In this glass house a man can stand upright, and in the center of it the illuminating apparatus revolves, emitting its penetrating flashes at intervals of thirty seconds. Under the tower there is a steam fog-horn, which splits the air with stentorian warnings when the weather is thick, and between the harsh trumpeting of this instrument the ear catches the moaning of the whistling-buoy anchored off the Graves, and the tolling of the bell-buoy which floats over the perilous Harding's Ledge.

But the custodians of the light have their Lares and Penates enshrined in the comfortable house which is connected with the tower by a covered passage; and when the curtains are drawn over the windows it is cheerful in there, even though the channel is choked with ice, and the winds blow as if they would rock the pillar with its six-foot walls off its foundations. Music exerts its soothing spell through the medium of an accordion, played by Assistant-keeper Gorham; and sometimes, when the family join voices in "Hold the Fort" or "The Sweet By-and-By," Keeper Bates, carried away with rapture, urgently cries: "Bar down thar, Edward! Bar down on that instrument!" as if the accordion were the pump of a sinking ship, and salvation depended on the vigor of the performer.

The keepers occasionally have more exciting work to do than trimming their lamps and rubbing the moisture off the panes of glass in the lantern. Bates is possessor of the Humane Society's medal. He does not wear it on his breast, as bicycle-riders and roller-skaters wear their trophies; it is stowed away somewhere in a drawer, and he does not care to talk about it. It is, however, a memento of the time when the Fanny Pike, of Calais, was wrecked on the Shag Rocks, the ledge which extends seaward from the point of the Little Brewster. She struck and went to pieces during a very heavy northeasterly snow-storm, and reckless of the tremendous sea, Bates put off in a small boat to rescue her crew, all of whom he saved, with the aid of Assistant-keeper Bailey and Charles Pochaska, a young fisherman belonging to the Middle Brewster.—W. H. Kidwing, in Harper's Magazine.

SOMETHING ABOUT SMILES.

An Earnest Plea for the Use of Amnesthetics in the Photographer's Studio.

There are many vanities of the genus smiles. There's the smile that is child-like and bland, the cultivated smile, and the plebeian smile that ripples forth like the first joyous laugh of the boiler-factory, and that spreads out with the gurgle that closes the eyes, trots out the wisdom-teeth, and then shows a roguish dimple in the tonsils.

There might be enumerated also the classical smile, the subdued smile, the parlor smile, the sacred smile, the before-election smile, the after-election smile and the smile that you get two for a quarter, called the twofor smile.

Then we have the stage smile and the portrait smile. Do you call to mind the general smirk which is, in fact, the thin silk overskirt of joy covering the silk sham of a nameless woe? Do you happen to have about your house the photograph of a friend whose petrified gavel fills your eyes with briny weep?

Joy is something that we can not seize ruthlessly and lead it into the photographer's laboratory by the ear. I've tried that. I always leave my umbrella and my hope behind when I go into the photographer's gilded hall. I can laugh while the dentist pulls out my sound teeth and plugs the poor ones, and I can even be gay while nature and the cucumber of commerce are engaged in mortal combat, but I can not affect a joy that I do not feel while the cast-iron hat-rack of the artist leans against my love of home, and the artist bids me look at a place on the wall that is freckled with iodine.

I am positive that the art of photography is upon the eve of a grand stride toward perfection. Those who have never seen anything on the eve of a grand stride will find little of interest in what I am about to say; but the day is not far distant when no sane man will have his photograph pulled without the administration of an amnesthetic. Cut this out and see if I am not right.—Bill Nye, in Denver Opinion.

A Good Hint to Workmen.

The old saying that "a man is taken by the coat that he wears," applies to journeymen plumbers. Show us a man that loses his self-pride as to his appearance, as a general rule he also becomes careless in the work he performs. On the other hand, a man that has a good appearing tool-bag, containing tools requisite and necessary to perform a good job of plumbing, also keeps himself clean and tidy, it is a sure indication

tion that he can perform a good job of work. How often do we have the question put to us by our customers when ordering work done: "Will you send me that last man that done our work?" Why? "O, because he attends to his business; don't fool with the girls; goes about his work in a workmanlike manner, and don't mess and dirty the entire house up, and tear the wood-work of the whole house apart. If you can't send him I would prefer waiting a day or two until you can." Ain't this satisfactory proof to a boss? Yes; and these are the men that study their own interests as well as the bosses', and an ornament to any trade or profession.—Plumber's Trade Journal.

Profuse Directions.

When a man has missed his way, and is wandering around in perplexing search of the right road, nothing is more annoying than for some one to give him directions which he can not understand. It is a difficult matter for any man, no matter how well informed, to give directions in a satisfactory manner. A gentleman while en route to Morey's mill, below Little Rock, missed the right road. After wandering over a large extent of territory, he met an old negro.

"Uncle, can you show me the road to Morey's mill?"

"Wan's ter go dar, I reckins?"

"Of course."

"Ch, huh."

"Yer wants ter go de bes' road, I s'umes?"

"Ye?"

"Wall, dis road heah," pointing, "is de bes' one, but Lawd, white man, yer doan wanten go dat way."

"Why?"

"'Case it's so fur."

"Well, is there any other road?"

"Oh, yes, sah; yer ken take dat road ober dar," pointing again, "but law me, yer doan wanten go dat road."

"Why?"

"'Case it's so bad."

"How far is it by the good road?"

"'Clare ter goodness, I doan know fur it 'peer like yer jis' keepen er goin' an' neber stops."

"How far then by the bad road?"

"I tell yer, boss, dat road is so rough dat arter erwhile yer's jis' bound ter git oten it."

"Can't I go around some way?"

"Oh, yas, ef yer wants to go 'round' yer ken do it easy 'nuff. Jis' go 'frun' dis gap in de fence. De fust place yer comes ter is Martin White's. He's rentin' it dis year but it 'longs ter ole man George. Yas, de fust place is Martin White's. Martin ain't at home now he's dun summoned on de jury. Den yer takes ter de left an' arter dat keeps straight on. De next place is Dan Thomases. He's runnin' it dis year. S'ad some time ergo dat he 'lowed ter buy it but he ain't done it yet. Wall, yer ain't ap'ter time Dan at home 'enze de Gubermint tuck him erway fur makin' wild-cat whisky. De naxt place—"

"Never mind the place. I don't care who lives on any of them."

"'Cose yer doan sah, 'case I doan care much myself. Can't speck er stranger ter take much interest in er neighborhood. De next place is whar I lib. Been libin' dar sense last May when ole man Branhum tuck sick an' died 'fore his son whut wuz workin' down in de swamps could git ter de house. Yer'll find some good lan' in dat—"

"I care nothing for the land. I want to find my way to Morey's mill."

"In co'se, sah; in co'se. Doan kere nuthin' 'bout de lan' an' why should yer ef yer doan wanten buy some. Yas, sah, de next place is mine. Yer needn' stop fur I ain't at home. I use out hidin' while de Gran' Jury is in session an' I blebes dat yersef's a deputy sheriff an' er good-by"—and leaping over a fence and dodging behind a tree, the colored gentleman was lost to view.—Arkansas Traveler.

A Champion Rose Tree.

The town of Hildesheim (Hanover) can boast of the oldest rose tree in Europe. It is said to have been planted by the Emperor Louis the Pious, in the beginning of the ninth century, when the Episcopal see founded by his father, Charlemagne, was removed to Elze. The documents proving this fact were destroyed by a fire in the Cathedral in 1013, but later records show that in 1078 Bishop Heilo had a wall built round the tree to protect it. For centuries past this rose tree has been an object of interest to travelers and naturalists, and few strangers ever go to Hildesheim without visiting the Imperial rose tree by the side of the Cathedral. Within a few years the old roots have sent forth several new shoots, one of which is now twelve feet high and nearly an inch in diameter.—N. Y. Herald.

Territory For Sale.

I have for sale some very desirable territory for a Patent Harrow and a Patent Clothes Line. They will sell readily when properly presented, as they are an entirely new principle. Energetic, ambitious and go-ahead men can find it a lucrative occupation. Apply to GEO. W. BAINBRIDGE, or at J. M. Byler's Cor. Third and Ohio. [12-23d4w3m]

Did you Sup-

pose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.